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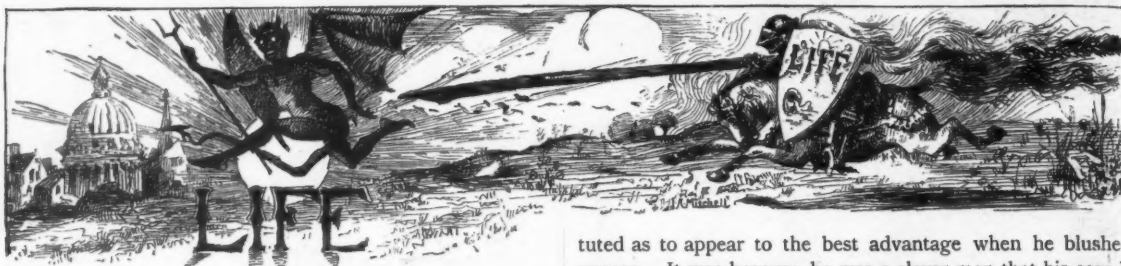


A NEW CAUSE OF TROUBLE.

WHAT DID YOU LET HIM GO FOR? I'VE BEEN INSULTED, AND I'VE GOT TO LICK SOMEBODY.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. VIII. SEPTEMBER 2, 1886. No. 192.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THE sea has flowed in upon Texas in a great flood. But Thomas Porterhouse Ochiltree was away from home, and his incandescent hair is consequently still unquenched. It will be a very wet day when Colonel Ochiltree is put out.

* * *

THE sympathy of this journal is extended to Alexander of Battenberg, late Prince of Bulgaria. His subjects have discharged him, and he has returned to private life. He is reputed to be a deserving young fellow, and it will go hard with him if he cannot find a better occupation than fighting for the ungrateful Bulgarians. He is well connected, and can doubtless form an advantageous matrimonial alliance, if he has not done so already. It remains to be seen whether he is a born son-in-law, like his younger brother. It also remains to be seen whether he will stay deposed.

* * *

AT Hartford, last week, Calvin Ellis Stowe departed this life at an advanced age. The news of his death made a short paragraph among the press dispatches. In some newspapers it was headed "Death of Professor Stowe," but more often it appeared as "Death of Harriet Beecher Stowe's Husband."

So far as the encyclopedia gives information about this venerable gentleman, it appears that for many years he practiced certain branches of the profession of his choice with ability and usefulness. His energies were directed less to preaching the gospel himself than to fitting other men for that high office. He was known as a professor in various institutions of academical and theological learning up to about the year 1852, when his identity began to merge into that of the famous author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Its subsequent disappearance in that direction is a matter of public notoriety.

If Professor Stowe had been an insignificant person whom nature had mercifully clothed in obscurity as a kind precaution, the circumstance of his extinction would not have been remarkable. But it does not seem that he was so consti-

tuted as to appear to the best advantage when he blushed unseen. It was because he was a clever man that his case is amusing. Two reputations grew up side by side, attached to the same name; the fittest survived, and appropriated the whole of the name by the automatic action of natural laws.

There is no evidence that Professor Stowe ever rebelled against his fate, or complained because his wife has grown famous on his hands. He appeared to have been sustained in this trial by philosophy or religion, or possibly by a sense of humor which enabled him to make his gains more than balance his losses. That he lived to be eighty-four years old is presumptive evidence that, in spite of possible temptations to resurrect himself, his domestic paths were peace.

Once more in his case we are reminded of the great opportunities of American women, and that all the avenues to glory for which they are qualified are open to them. The tyrant man in this favored country is too wise and too humble to stand in their way.

* * *

THESE are trying times in Boston. The best and bravest look with suspicion on their own right hands, lest unbeknown to their left hands they have pilfered. The calamitous fall of several Bostonians who enjoyed the confidence of their neighbors and the favor of society has made many hearts sad and shaken the confidence of investors. Robbery is an unpleasant development in a New York alderman. In a Boston merchant it is shocking.

* * *

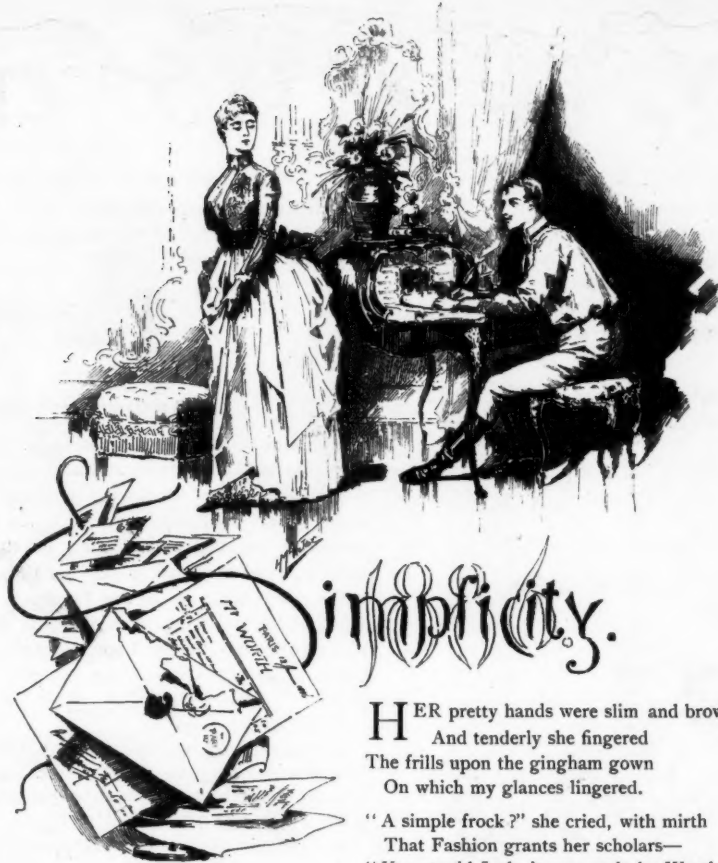
THE Anarchists are to be hanged. LIFE is not blood-thirsty and would rejoice in the death of no human being; but stern measures for these bombastic cut-throats seem to make society more secure, and all good citizens must be thankful for them.

* * *

MEXICO has turned Editor Cutting loose. He had developed a fine, hearty appetite, and the chances were growing less that Secretary Bayard would consent to pay for his board. It was very sensible of our neighbor to strike off his bonds. It would have been smarter still not to have shut him up in the first place, for Envoy Sedgwick means to investigate the Greasers up to the full limits of his commission, and if they have done anything wrong it is time for them to repent.

* * *

OUR persistent difference with Geronimo has been a trifle more animated this last week, and rumors have pictured the nomadic Apache as on the brink of capitulation. The Arizona dispatches continue to be interesting, but at this season the sea-serpent stories run them hard.



HER pretty hands were slim and brown,
And tenderly she fingered
The frills upon the gingham gown
On which my glances lingered.
"A simple frock?" she cried, with mirth
That Fashion grants her scholars—
"You stupid Jack, 't was made by Worth,
And cost me ninety dollars!"

M. E. W.

WASHINGTON DOTS.

A TELEGRAM has been received from the Adirondacks, stating that the President caught a box of sardines while fishing in a creek a few days ago.

* * *

THE editor of the *Congressional Record*, while trying to collect a bill from a delinquent subscriber, received a lot of birdshot in his body near the small of his back. He is collecting the shot with a knitting-needle.

* * *

THE manager of the cyclorama representing the battle of Manassas, offers to give a free ticket to the man who made the best time in getting from the battle-field to Washington.

* * *

SECRETARY BAYARD says that Cutting's release was so arranged that he should have full time to get drunk at the grand celebration in 1892. The Mexicans have discovered a passage in Robinson Crusoe which, they claim, fully justifies their action in detaining Cutting.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE FOX AND HIS FRIENDS.

A FOX one day invited an Ass to dine with him and see his pet Monkey; and on the same morning he invited a Monkey to dinner to see his pet Ass. As the two guests sat opposite each other at table, each silently resolved that the Fox was a most wonderful naturalist and animal-tamer; and when they returned to their homes, they sounded his praises far and wide, through field and forest.

MORAL: This Fable teaches how the man who is fertile in expedients may rise superior to the limitations of hard fortune; and teaches, likewise, that a circus agent should make the best possible bargain with the country papers.

EXPECTING A GOOD DEAL.

CUSTOMER: Waiter, here is a button in the soup.

WAITER: Button, sah, yes sah, I guess dat's all right, sah.

CUSTOMER: It's all right, of course, but I thought perhaps a button-hole went with it.

IT is rumored that Senator Logan left the bloody shirt with a Chinese laundryman to be washed, but the report is not credited.



THE ANARCHIST'S LAMENT.

SAID the Western Dynamiter:
 "I do fear that I've made quite a
 Fatal error in a throwing of that bomb, bomb, bomb,
 For that justice wont be baffled,
 And that from a wooden scaffold
 I must tumble to my little kingdom comb, comb, comb."

A WEEKLY paper called the *Earth* is to be started in England, the mission of which is to advocate the flatness of the earth.

Most people want the *Earth*, but if it proves its theory by its own flatness, mankind may be cured of that most contagious disease of covetousness.

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



"TIS BUT THY NAME THAT IS MY ENEMY.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL once remarked that Communism is Barbarism.

This may account for the fact a large number of barbers are communists.

THE prospects of *Literary Life* are now *couleur de Rose*.

IT has long been understood that the wages of sin is death, but it is probable that the Chicago Anarchists will express some dissatisfaction at receiving them.

IT is estimated that over a million unused obituary poems on General Grant, were rung in on the late Samuel J. Tilden.

WHEN a Turk wants to sneeze he calls for hasheesh, and kills two birds with one stone.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF PUNCH.

THE condemned bomb-throwers are going to have their necks twirled (*next-world*) a little sooner than they expected.

IF the discourteous paragraphers speak truly, Dr. Mary Walker has the best claim to the title of First Lady in the Land.

CONCERNING ETIQUETTE.

LIFE gives notice that it has and intends to have no Etiquette Department, and that all requests for information on the ways of society will be treated like all other manuscripts of an unavailable character, *i. e.*, returned if accompanied by stamped and directed envelope; filed in a large wicker basket if without a chaperone from the post office.

The gentleman on the San Francisco Board of Trade who asked us the following questions, was doubtless unaware of the rules of our office, and we therefore make an exception in his favor, earnestly requesting, however, that he wont do it again.

He inquires:

1. When shall a young man wear white kid gloves?
2. When shall a young man wear white vests with his dress-suit?
3. Are gaiters or pumps the more appropriate for evening wear?

To which we reply:

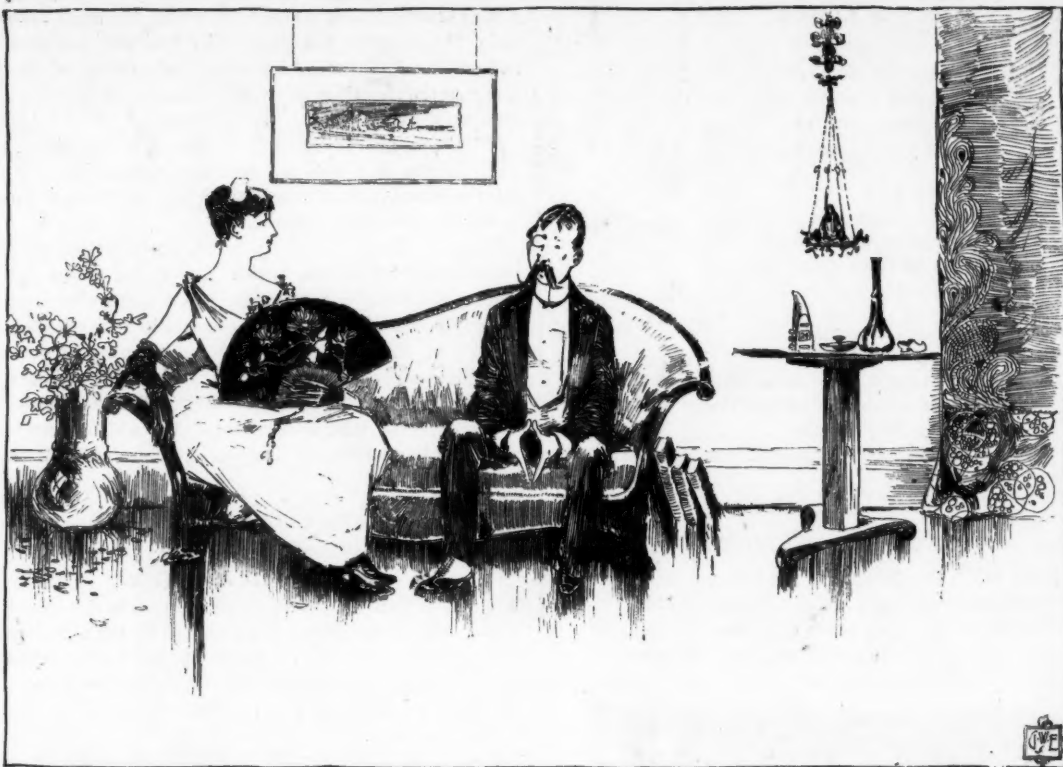
1. On consulting the encyclopedia of social etiquette revised to date we find that young men may wear white kid gloves at balls, hops, corn huskings, spelling bees, weddings, straw-rides and, in fact, anywhere, provided the gloves are large enough. We once knew a young man who was buried in white gloves, but this was an extreme case.

2. This question bothered us considerably. The Editor-in-Chief didn't know when a young man should wear white vests with a dress suit, because it has been so long since he was a young man that his knowledge on the subject is a little rusty. The business manager thought a young man should wear white vests with his dress suit as soon as his salary was large enough to stand such luxuries, and the office boy was of the opinion that a young man should never wear white vests with a dress suit. He thinks that one white vest with a dress suit ought to satisfy any man, no matter how young. He adds, however, that they may do it differently out in San Francisco, where the laundry business is subject to such competition that three white vests can be washed for the cost of one in the Eastern States.

3. This all depends on the weather. If it is a wet evening, we think pumps would come in handy.

All further communications on this subject should be addressed to the Etiquette Editor of the *New York World*, who has as original a fund of social information as any man we know of.

J. K. Bangs.



Icy Bostonienne (quoting): IF YOU HAVE HEADACHE, DON'T SPEAK OF IT TO DISTRESS YOUR COMPANIONS. IF YOUR EAR PAINS YOU, DON'T MAKE A COMPLAINT.
He (from New York): IS THAT FROM "DON'T?"
Icy Bostonienne: NO, IT IS FROM EPICTETUS.

LIFE'S ARCHIVES OF ANECDOTE.
 COMPILED BY OUR OWN SPECIAL BOSWELL.

THERE is an indefinable quality in the simplest utterances of genius that distinguishes them from the words of others. We have collected a few seasonable gems of anecdote that have, as we believe, never before been printed, and offer them without further comment.

* * *

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN'S keen wit is proverbial. But it is not generally known that beneath a gay and debonaire exterior there was concealed a more serious vein of scientific enthusiasm. His love for meteorology amounted to a passion, and none were so happy as he in describing the varying phases of climatic change. Meeting a lady of rank one broiling afternoon in Hyde Park, he said: "So glad to see you. Zounds! Madam, I protest you are looking mighty well this afternoon."

A slight pause followed, during which the lady coughed slightly and made marks on the pathway with her parasol. Observing this, Sheridan said with that spontaneity that always distinguished his utterances: "Well, is it hot enough for you?"

* * *

A STORY is told of the late William Shakespeare, which illustrates his keen insight into nature, and his felicitous way of formulating his impressions of natural phenomena. Coming out of the "Globe Theatre" one sultry morning, arm in arm with an advance agent, he met a ladyfriend.

"So glad to see you," he said; "you are looking charmingly this morning."

Then, after a pause, which to any one else might have brought a sense of awkwardness, he added: "Well, is this hot enough for you?"

* * *

ON Thursday, 8th July, I dined with him at Mr. Allen Ramsay's, with Lord Blessus and some other company. We talked of the weather.

JOHNSON: "It is a hot day, sir; the hottest day in years, sir."

RAMSAY: "Well, I don't know—"

JOHNSON: "Of course you don't know. That is your specialty." Then to Mr. Thrale, who entered: "Well, is this hot enough for you?"

* * *

HOOK, with all his daring humor, had the soul of a poet. He was in perfect sympathy with Nature, and his mood was often a reflex of her capricious changes, never wholly subduing, but often modifying with a sympathetic touch the lightning flash of his wit.

Meeting his landlady one day, shortly after the invention of the phrase "heated term," he said, banteringly:

"So glad to see you. You are looking charmingly this morning."

Then, forestalling her usual remarks about her "little bill," he continued, with a characteristic twinkle in his eye:

"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

Edited by F. E. Chase.

A LOUER.

I.

SHE had my heart — she rented it awhile ;
 A fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle tenantee.
 And half in mischief, half, in truth, in guile,
 When she departed, carried off the key.

II.

And so I have a vacant heart "To Let ;"
 The sign is pasted up all over me ;
 And yet I can no worthy tenant get,
 Because it's locked, and she has got the key.

III.

L'ENVOI.

Now hath my heart to me grown worthless quite,
 No other tenant would I have save thee ;
 Forgive your landlord's accidental slight,
 Come back, and you shall have it, dear, rent free.

Sheffield Phelps.

IT MIGHT BE DONE.

HEAD OF THE HOUSE: Jane, a man came in to-day
 and made me buy a box of "Rough on Rats."
 WIFE: Mercy, John, we haven't got a rat in the house.
 HEAD OF THE HOUSE: Well, can't we get some?



SOCIAL CONTEMPT IN FICTION.

MORAL indifference and social contempt are the dominant qualities in that school of fiction writers of which Mr. Howells is the head. These realists are in doubt as to what is wholly admirable in life, because, like many people in this transition period, they are giving up the old forms of faith, and have not grasped the significance and responsibilities of the new. As a recent essayist has said: "They have not made up their own minds as to what they shall admire, what they shall detest, what they shall excuse, and what they shall commiserate." There is no dignity in moral heroism, no worth in self-sacrifice, no merit in endurance, no romance in love with such a creed.

THE old Puritan censoriousness which formerly expended its venom and severity on the morals of men now attacks without mercy their manners. It can find an apology for crime, but shudders at a breach of etiquette and heaps contempt on common life.

With a keen appreciation of this attitude of Social Contempt, a newspaper writer has called the novels of Mr. Howells "Studies of American Vulgarly." Though trying to appreciate all that is sincere in American life, Mr. Howells and his imitators approach perilously near the Snob's standard of judgment. Nine-tenths of his readers must mentally squirm as they listen to his merciless dissection of their peculiarities of dress, speech, and manner.

And some of them feel and know that the qualities which make Mr. Howells the genial and polished gentleman of Beacon Street, Boston, were equally the charm of the boy who "sorted slugs" in an Ohio newspaper office.

THE glory of American life is that it is possible for men to rise, and the hope of it has vitalized us. To ridicule the incongruities of such transitions is to throw a damper on honest American ambition.

There is so much that is gross, bad and demoralizing about American success which is a fitting target for the keenest ridicule and satire, that it is a deplorable waste of energy to expend them on the eccentricities of manner with which birth has loaded so many of our worthy countrymen.

In hundreds of villages where the leading magazines are considered the standard measure of literature and life by most estimable people, false distinctions of class and rank are being inculcated by these subtle analyses of American Vulgarly.

Droch.

ALWAYS on the fence — Parisian editors.

ACCEPTED MATTER.

MAGAZINE EDITOR (to stranger) — We have all the manuscript we can find room for for the next six years, every page of which is furnished by the leading thinkers, essayists, historians, philosophers, atheists, journal —

STRANGER: But this is a page advertisement for mother-of-pearl soft soap.

MAGAZINE EDITOR: Ah, I see. Take a seat on the sofa, sir. We will try and find room for your article by killing an essay or two.

THE other day, while Pat was carrying a package of books in Mr. Tobey's library, he saw a large crayon portrait of his master hanging over the fireplace. "Faith!" he exclaimed to Bridget, "did yez mark that? Oi'd knowed him in a minute, Bridget. It looks more loike him than he does himself."

MOTTOES.

FOR a prize fighter — "He that is down need fear no fall."
 For a seamstress — "Be what you seem to be."

For a Wall street speculator — "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

For the silver dollar — "I would rather die than be debased."

For the fashionable dressmaker — "Worth overcomes ill will."

For a messenger boy — "He who runs may read."

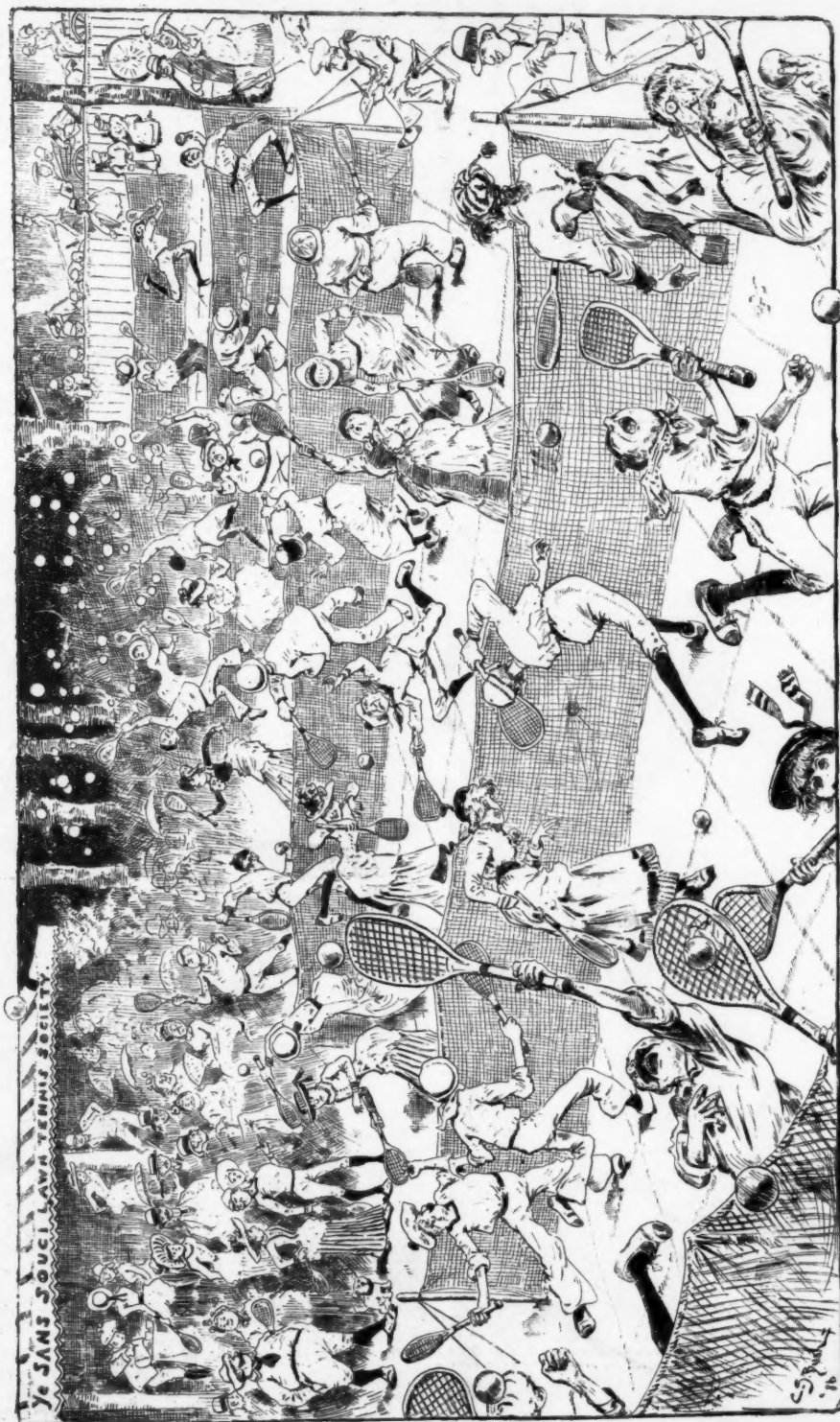
For a negro minstrel — "The bones are for him who comes late."

For a lover whose fiancée has a glass eye — "With all thy false eye love thee still."

For a riding class — "Every one has his own particular habit."

For a boy who wishes to hire out to a dime museum — "Two heads are better than one."

H. V. S.



THE POETRY OF TENNIS.

ONE HORSE BROUGHAM IN CORRECT PRESENT STYLE. THE PROPER HEIGHT FOR A BROUGHAM HORSE IS: 15 HANDS 3 INCHES. WHY THEN THIS ENORMOUS 17 HANDS ANIMAL? BECAUSE, IT WOULD TAKE TWO ORDINARY 15 HANDS HORSES TO PULL THIS WEIGHT. — IS THIS WEIGHT NECESSARY? — NO. BUT ITS THE FASHION ABROAD.

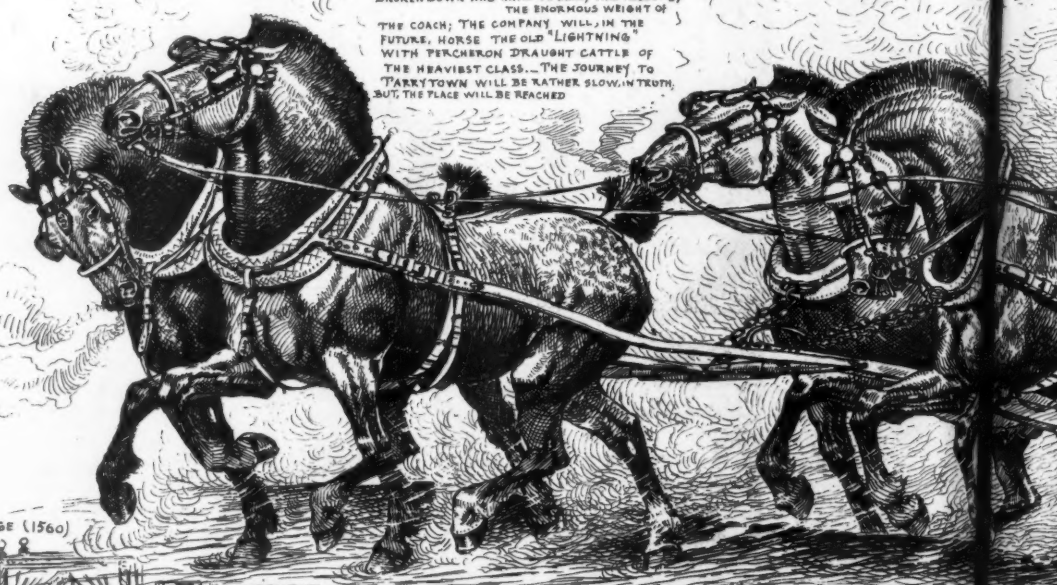
ORDINARY AMERICAN COUPE. A 14½ HANDS ANIMAL ALL SUFFICIENT



IMPORTANCE OF DRIVING MESSENGER WILL BE KNOWN AND ATTACHED TO NORMAN AND MONEY

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC. (FROM THE "LIGHTNING" COACH CO.)

IT BEING FOUND OUT THAT, AFTER A SHORT SEASON, THE COACHING HORSES BECAME COMPLETELY BROKEN DOWN AND HARD TO SELL, THIS RESULT OF THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT OF THE COACH; THE COMPANY WILL, IN THE FUTURE, HORSE THE OLD "LIGHTNING" WITH PERCHERON DRAUGHT CATTLE OF THE HEAVIEST CLASS... THE JOURNEY TO TARRYTOWN WILL BE RATHER SLOW, IN TRUTH, BUT, THE PLACE WILL BE REACHED



CARRIAGE (1560)



BAROUCHE ON G SPRINGS



IN 1560, CARRIAGES CAME IN USE. THEY WERE BIG SQUARE BOXES WITHOUT SPRINGS AND ROLLED ON ENORMOUS WHEELS. EVER SINCE THAT DATE DOWN IT HAS BEEN THE MAIN AIM OF BUILDERS TO BUILD AS LIGHTLY AS POSSIBLE. —

THE FOUR HORSE CARRIAGE

WE ARE, HOWEVER, TRYING TO RETAIN GEORGE IV

CONCERNING CARRIAGE ARCHITECTURE

— A HINT TO GENTLEMEN
 OF DRIVING HEAVY VEHICLES WITH PLENTY
 PASSENGERS ON BOARD. —
 THIS OMNIBUS, IT IS HEAVY ENOUGH, AND
 WIDE AND OUT, 28 PASSENGERS.
 FOUR HEAVY POSTING GALLOPERS
 AHEAD, YOU'LL HAVE ALL YOU'LL NEED IN HAND
 AND MONEY TOO. BY THE VENTURE



FOUR HORSE CARRIAGES ARE OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURE.
 TO RETURN TO GEORGE IV CHARIST PERIOD.

CARRIAGE ARCHITECTURE.



THE CHUM DEPOSED.

FROM one or two little remarks overheard by him at a recent meeting of the Emperors, at which he was present, LIFE's special Chum to Potentates surmised that there was trouble in store for the Bulgarian monarch, Alexander, and he resolved, if possible, to warn him of his impending fate. The Chum felt that the Battenbergs had suffered enough from the terrible mesalliance of its brother Henry, who married into a Dutch family now resident in England, and drawing a large salary for acting as a Royal Incubus to the Saxon race. With the intention, therefore, of averting a bloodless war, and armed by a special passport from his old friend, Porte, of Turkey, the Chum set out for Sofia, where he arrived the day before the recent crisis.

The King, attended by the army, was on hand to meet him, and the Royal Band played "Hail to the Chief" on a harmonica, as with a rush and a roar, the Correspondent's special mule rolled into the depot.

After all the little commonplaces of the Royal greeting, in which the Chum was kissed on his bald spot in true Oriental fashion, were done with, the Royal party entered the State conveyance, and the Army, seating himself on the box, drove them off amidst the cheers of the populace, who was walking with his wife on the main avenue. The band, seated behind on the rumble, blew "Sweet Violets" into the Potentate's ears, and the Correspondent was so moved to think that all this was to be ruthlessly destroyed, that he indulged in a personal immolation of the musician rather than permit him to live on and suffer from the events of the morrow.

The two-story Queen Anne shed that serves as a palace to the Bulgarian Royal Family was reached in short order, and as the banquet was being cooked in the State apartment, the Chum was shown up a ladder to the Council Chamber, where he took up his temporary quarters. Shortly after he had unpacked, the King stuck his head up through the trap-door in the floor, and asked if anything was wanted.

"Yes, Aleck," replied the Chum, "there is something wanted. Have you saved anything out of your civil list?"

"Not very much," replied the King, sadly. "Only seven dollars. You see I pay that Army five dollars a month, and board him. When there is no war on hand he keeps the palace clean, and does chores about the place for me. He'd be dear at board wages, though. It's a mighty expensive thing to be a monarch, Carlyle, and don't you let it slip your mind."

"What will you sell out for?" was asked.

"Well, I don't know. The crown is worth over twenty dollars for old metal. I think I ought to get something for the good will of the concern."

"Aleck," replied the Correspondent, "the good will of this concern isn't worth a continental red. Your Prime Minister has orders to depose you to-morrow, and the emissaries of the Czar have undermined your Army with the only square meal he has had since you've been in command. You are betrayed and I have come to save you."

The King, in his agitation, fell off the ladder, and to expedite matters the Chum slid down the bell rope and joined him in the banquet hall below.

"Wh-wh-what'll I d-d-do?" cried the trembling monarch.

"Shave off that hair mattress you wear on your chin first and swap places with me. I'll reign in your stead, and you as the Chum

from foreign fields

to Potentates may gather in your crops and make for the frontier."

The Chum wishes to say right here that while *en route* for Sophia he allowed his beard to grow, and his appearance is now such that his friends wouldn't know him, or if they did would be ashamed to acknowledge it. The consequence is that Alexander and he can't tell each other apart.

"Noble friend, you have saved my life," said the King, removing his beard and his Royal Boots with the same razor; "I owe everything to you."

"I know that," said the Chum; "but I don't want more than seven dollars—I believe you said that was all you had?"

"It is my all, but it is yours," said Alexander. "It's sewed up in the lining of my crown. Farewell, forever," and so saying the ex-King tossed the bauble to his visitor, arrayed himself in the Chum's garments and fled. The reign of Carlyle Smith I. had begun.

Hardly had the dethroned monarch landed on the other side of the frontier, when the Prime Minister entered the Royal Chamber. Carlyle I. was seated on the throne swinging his legs after the manner of monarchs over the gilded arms thereof.

"I have come, your majesty, to announce that the Czar demands your resignation. Man proposes, God disposes and the Autocrat disposes."

"Indeed," replied the King with considerable hauteur, "fling back to thy master my Royal intimation that it will take a derrick to hoist this Monarch from the Throne of his ancestors."

"Your ancestors didn't occupy this throne," replied the Minister. Here was a poser. The embryo King had forgotten that Alexander was the whole of his line.

"Didn't the other King throw in his ancestors with the throne?" he asked, anxiously.

"He did not. He didn't have any himself," replied the Councillor; "but are you going to depose or not?"

"Well," replied the Chum, seeing that the opportunity to slide out gracefully was waiting to be seized, "if there are no ancestors with the throne of course I don't want it. I can get all the first-hand thrones I want at home, so you can tell the autocrat of all the Rushers that as soon as I can pack up my duds I'll rush."

With this the monarch took off the crown, ripped the money out of the lining, and left the building.

He was immediately arrested by the formerly loyal Army, and thrown into a dungeon cell for endeavoring to walk off with the National debt, and matters began to look blue enough for him. The charge was simply a pretext for twisting the monarchical neck. To escape seemed impossible, but a happy thought struck him. Calling the jailer to the door, the deposed Chum asked him for a glass of water, and as a reward for the attention gave him a copy of LIFE.

A sound of gurgling hilarity outside shortly told him that his design was accomplished, and the Chum walked forth a free man. The jailer had laughed himself into a fit over the paper, and in the midst of this the escape was made.

This is the only reliable account of the recent Bulgarian atrocity.

The readers of LIFE are warned that the ex-king has shown the base ingratitude of his class by using the Chum's name in vain, and under this alias is writing fraudulent interviews with monarchs who are on chummy terms only with the real

Carlyle Smith.

IT has been rumored about town during the last week that Rutherford B. Hayes, emulating Mr. Tilden, will leave the bulk of his fortune to three trustees, who are to erect a *Free National Hen-Coop* for the encouragement of the colored people of the South.

IT is reported from the West that the recently-convicted anarchists are not pleased at the prospect of leaving Chicago for the summer resort in the hereafter that is set aside for sinners of their sort.

Some men don't know when they are well off.



THE results of last week's yacht racing were such as I should have predicted three months ago, had I been writing sport articles at the time, and it is rather hard on me personally that close confinement to an obituary column in the far West should interfere with my obtaining my share of the glory pertaining to the Prophetic Sport.

That the *Atlantic* should prove the superior of the *Puritan* in the first trial did not in the least surprise me, as the extreme draught of the former is six-tenths of a foot greater than that of the *Puritan*, and her captain had the benefit of that much more wind. Everything depends in getting to draughtward in a yacht race, and all other things being equal, the *Atlantic* can be counted on to leave the ex-pride of Boston and her twenty-seven owners hopelessly in the rear every time.

Concerning Wednesday's performance, I do not credit the rumor that the captain of the *Atlantic* got sea-sick at the start and threw up the race before he had gone ten yards. The trouble was that there were one hundred and twenty-six

tons of displacement on board of the Bay Ridge boat and she got stuck in seventeen fathoms of mud.

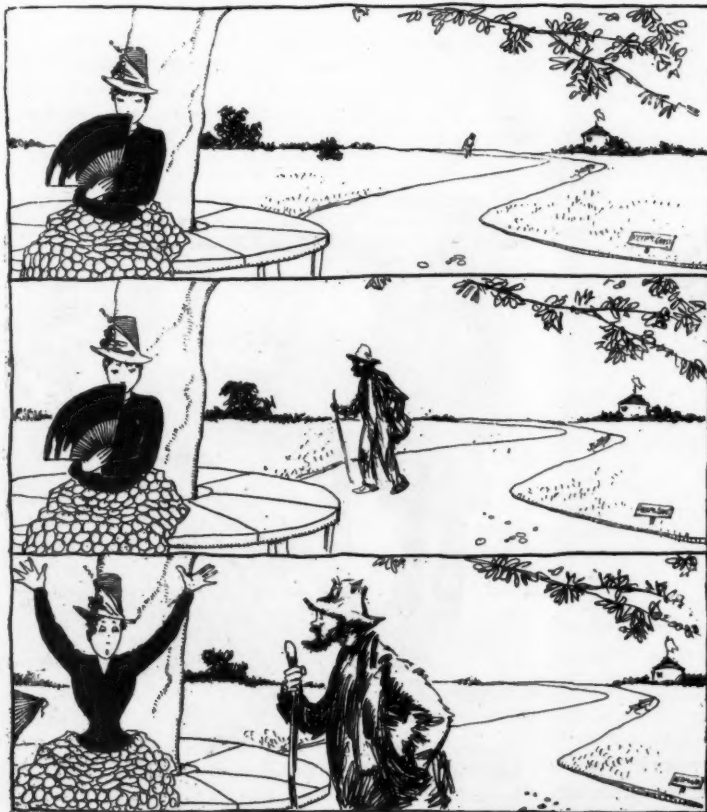
THE *Trailing Arbutus*, as the *Mayflower* is poetically termed, will doubtless show the *Galatea* a fine pair of heels in the great race, unless the vessels encounter a heavy swell, when the *Galatea*, accustomed to Mr. J. Beavor Webb, won't be half so much incommoded as her less fortunate rival.

MANAGER WATKINS has decided to withdraw the New York nine from the League race since these worthies have stopped playing ball. He is endeavoring to induce them to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, feeling certain that they are sufficiently inoculated by their recent experiences to drop any given distance.

AT Newport the tennis champions are endeavoring to defeat each other as we go to press. We hope they will succeed.

Our sympathies go out to Dr. Dwight for his defeat in the first round, and as consolation in his hour of trouble we assure him that no man can expect to write a good book and win a Tennis Tournament in the same year. Having accomplished the former feat the Doctor should be content to rest on his laurels.

C. S.



A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

"THERE'S EDWIN NOW. I KNOW HIS STEP."

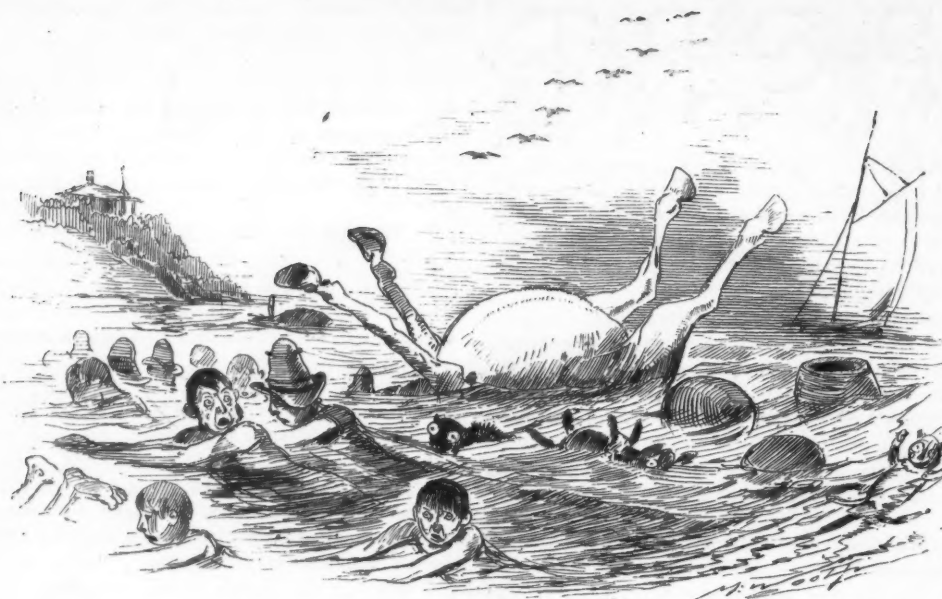
* * *

"HOW DARE HE KEEP ME SO LONG! I'LL TEACH HIM! HE'LL FIND ME FIRM!"

* * *

Tramp: GIVE A POOR MAN —

! ! ! ! !



THE PLEASURES OF SUMMER BATHING.

SCRAPS.

ST. NICHOLAS tells of a dog that can compute figures. It is probably a lame dog that puts down three, and carries one.

* * *

A CHURCH organ in this city has an article on "Virtue in Washington." Even staid church papers will drop into humor at times.

* * *

"IS gum chewing recognized as a regular course of study in our schools?" asks a New Orleans paper. Certainly it is. A course in jawgraphy.

* * *

THE Boston *Journal of Commerce* asks: "What will be the fuel of the future?" Such of us as are living Christian lives have been taught to believe it will be brimstone.

* * *

A COAL mine in Pennsylvania has been boycotted. This is running the thing into the ground.

* * *

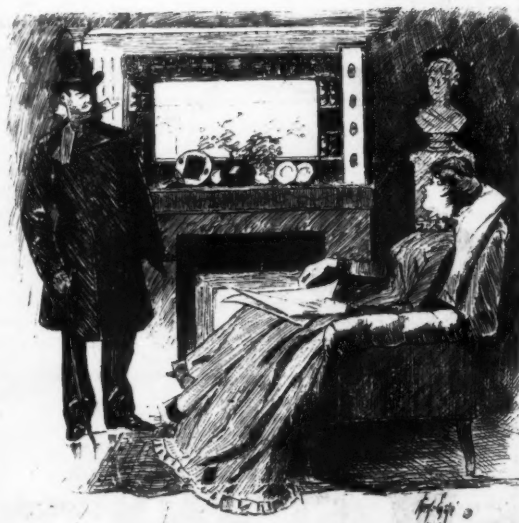
A BOSTON amateur photographer has just had made by a New York firm, the largest camera ever manufactured in this country. He probably desires to make a photograph of John L. Sullivan's opinion of himself.

A NEW DEFINITION.

BRIDGET: Pat, phwat's "posthumous worruks?"

PAT: Begorra, an' it's worruks a man writes afther he is dead.

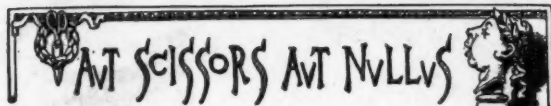
WE have received *Wade's Fibre and Fabric*, a practical journal devoted to the cotton and woolen trades. We are glad to notice that it takes no part in politics. When it does it will have to be rechristened the *Fibber and Fabricator*.



She: WHY, HENRY, WHAT IS THE MATTER?

He: M' LOVE, I—HIC—LEMON PEEL THREW ME DOWN.

She: LEMON PEEL, YES; AND WHAT WERE THE OTHER INGREDIENTS?



THE PRESIDENT HAS ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE.

"DANIEL."

"Yes, madam."

"In cleaning out rooms, etc., preparatory to finding places to hide away canned goods for the winter, I find in one of the wardrobes this great heavy pair of rubber boots, with such long tops. Whose are they?"

"The President's, madam."

"Down in the leg of one of them I find this black bottle with a high cork. What is that for?"

"Bait."

"And in the other leg is an old pack of cards wrapped in an oil-cloth. Whose are they?"

"Oh! I see. They are a pair left over by President Arthur."

"Thanks, Daniel"—from the adjoining room.

—Washington Gossip.

TIRED OF THAT CHESTNUT.

The late Dr. Kemper, on his way home to dinner one day, meeting one of the divinity students, cordially invited the young man to accompany him, adding that he did not know as there would be much to eat. The invitation was accepted, and immediately upon being seated at table the doctor commenced carving a boiled ham that was doing duty for the second or third time.

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed his wife in surprise, "you have forgotten something. You have not asked the blessing." "Yes, I have, too," bluffly responded the doctor. "I've asked the Lord to bless this old ham all I'm a-going to."—*Chicago Tribune*.

TITBITS tells the story of a conductor on a slow railroad who told one passenger that he had been on the railroad nine years. "Then," said the passenger; "this must be your second trip."

FOUR HUNTERS (who have just fired simultaneously at a rabbit, and failed to hit it):—"Well, I wonder who missed that time."—*From the German*.

You must admit," writes somebody to the *Judge*, "that Mr. Evarts has at last spoken on the silver question." Yes, indeed; but what are his views? There was a man who spoke on a broad question of theology. "As between Heaven and hell," he said, "give me liberty or give me death." It sounded well, and he received much applause, but—*Judge*.

COUNTRY EDITOR: "We give you a nickel watch and the weekly *Clarion* for one year for \$3, Mr. Smith." MR. SMITH: "How much for the watch without the *Clarion*?" COUNTRY EDITOR: "The retail price of the watch alone is \$4." MR. SMITH: "Well, I guess I will take one of the watches." COUNTRY EDITOR: "But it will cost you \$1 more than if you included the paper." MR. SMITH: "Yes, I know. But I don't mind the extra expense."—*New York Times*.

You say you were in the Union army during the war?" "Yes, sir; I was at Gettysburg." "At Gettysburg? Well, I suppose you have written a magazine article about the mistakes of the battle?" "No, sir, I have not." "Why, my dear sir, you needn't beg. You are the only soldier living who has not written an article on the subject. Why, man alive, you are a freak. You can get \$100 a week in a museum."—*Texas Siftings*.

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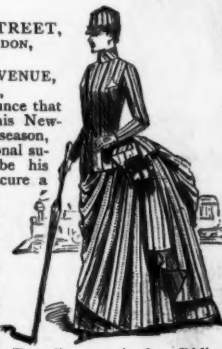
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"About up to the chimney." — *Fliegende Blätter*.

MR. O'BRIEN — "Och, ther devil! dom that ould
conductor fur not stopping. Be gobs! I'll not ride
on a car that won't shoph to lit me on!" — *Judge*.

WHAT, a barkeeper, eh?" "Yes, sir." "Do
you understand keeping books on the single entry
system?" "No, sir; but I understand keeping Sun-
day on the double-entry system." "Very well.
Hang up your hat." — *Philadelphia Call*.

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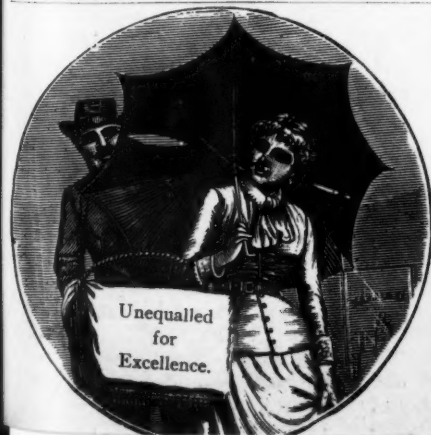
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